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CRAZY BOB WOMACK.

How He Discovered the Riches of Cripple Creek.

He Is Now a Poor Man, Although He Has Made Many Millionaires—His Experience Proves Fortune to Be a Fickle Jade.

Special Denver (Col.) Letter.

The sudden elevation of a few men from poverty to immense wealth in the new "gold belt" reads like the wildest fiction. Nothing in romance exceeds these marvelous stories, and perhaps the most vivid imagination would fail to tell a story so interesting as Dame Nature has recently illustrated in the gold fields now attracting the attention of the world. She has selected poor men for her subjects, and, in her whims, has made

BOB WOMACK IN POVERTY GULCH.

some rival the fabled count of Monte Cristo, and lifted others to the verge of fortune to let them drop.

A few years ago a wandering mining prospector stumbled into what is now the "Cripple Creek district." He was not educated, but had practical sense, and saw that the now rich "belt" was composed of a volcanic overflow and evidently marked the crater of an extent volcano. From the nature of the rock he reasoned that it must "carry gold." There are thousands of miners constantly tramping over the mountains who have no more knowledge of practical mining than is used by the man who selects three numbers in playing policy. So, when "half crazy Bob" asked men to assist him he was looked upon as a harmless impostor. He had located several mines, but for the lack of money could not develop them. He went to an adjoining "camp" and did work at carpentry for his board; never missing an opportunity of soliciting aid. Finally he built a log hut in "Poverty Gulch" near by, where he could watch his claims and continue delving, single handed. He ran up an account of $20 for bacon and meal, which he imself cooked and lived upon.

To satisfy the grocer's demand he sold him one of his mines. It now produces $10,000 a month, and is valued at $500,000. In his good nature, "Crazy Bob" showed visitors over the grounds: told them where good mines were, and in a few instances gave away claims which he had staked, but had not the means to develop. These gifts were rewarded with trifles—a few dollars, and a bottle of whisky—for "Crazy Bob" was an ardent drinker. Provisions and credit gone, he sold his last and best mine for $300—partly on credit, which has not yet been paid. The purchaser is now worth $200,000—all taken from "Crazy Bob's" mine. "Bob" soon spent his money, and after

PROSPECTIVE MILLIONAIRES.

a short rest, in a Keeley cure, is now on the range again, prospecting; but has sworn to never drink another drop of spirits. He takes his narrow escape from fortune rather philosophically, and attributes it to "luck," or the lack of it, superinduced by too much whisky. Had he been more shrewd, he would have eventually commanded a little money, and himself and his friends would now control that rich belt from which $2,000,000 a month is taken, and whose possibilities it is idle to guess. Is there anything in fiction more comical? Could the novelist charge fate with such refinement of cruelty?

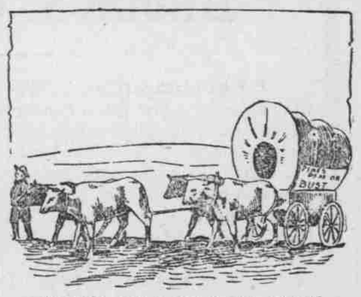
Next came a carpenter of Colorado Springs, now known as "Millionaire Stratton." He located a mine on the Fourth of July and called it the Independence; another he called the Washington. He, however, had a few hundred dollars, and developed them. He sold the Independence to a San Francisco syndicate; but the panic came, and they failed in paying the $150,000. The mine yields nearly $100,000 a month, and is valued at $5,000,000.

He is a practical man, and his head is not turned by his sudden wealth.

Another illustration of fortune's vagaries is that of William Shemell, known to the miners as "Kentucky Bill." He obtained a "grub-stake" of provisions to the value of about $25, from a Colorado Springs grocer, and walked over the mountain to Cripple Creek. He located a mine and gave a one-third interest to the grocer who had staked him. Needing some ready money, he sold another third interest to a negro, who was pursuing the not very lucrative position of buying unconsidered trifles in the shape of second-hand clothes. In turn, the darky sold his share for $50, and thought that he had made a great speculation. But the lucky purchaser made a greater, as he has refused $200,000 for his third interest. The darky believes that he was "hoodoed," and it was never intended he should be rich.

Another fortunate man, a consumptive, came to Colorado Springs to die. He finally secured a place as brakeman on a railroad. He speculated recklessly, made a half million, and now proposes to live.

A man who was driving a scraper, cleaning the streets at 15 cents an hour, threw up his job in disgust, and got a friend to go his security for a grub stake. Then he hit the road for Cripple Creek. When he got there he did not know what to do. He did not know "pay rock" from "$1,000 ore." But he staked off a claim. A practical miner, John Homan, came along, and, liking the looks of the "prospect," proposed a partnership. It was agreed to, and he began digging. They lived on bacon and hard tack for weeks, concealing the ore and hauling it to the city by night, for fear that their claim would be "jumped" by lawless adventurers ever on the lookout for claims that are not strongly defended. Finally they accumulated enough of "stuff" to hire men to defend the mine with force, and to fight adverse claimants in the courts, of which there were about 100. But before prosperity dawned the ex-scraper driver wanted a new suit of clothing—tailor made. He gave the tailor 100 shares of stock in the mine—



"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST—1859."

as a great many shares had been struck off. The tailor sold his shares for $5,000—which gave him a good profit on his $20 suit. The mine is producing about $10,000 a month, and is valued at $500,000. The man who drove the street scraper at 15 cents an hour is now building himself a residence intended to be one of the finest at Colorado Springs.

But this bright and novel picture has two sides. No one will ever know, save themselves, of the hardships that thousands of mining prospectors have undergone in the never-ceasing search for the Golden Fleece. It began in 1859 with the "Pike's Peak, or Bust" crowd, who crossed the plains in ox wagons, burrowed at the base of the great peak, and necessarily traversed the adjacent Cripple Creek district—walking over millions while searching for wealth.

Capt. Zebulon Pike discovered gold at the base of the peak about 1837-8, but he was more interested in explorations. Had his discoveries been prospected, the west would have been settled much earlier, and perhaps the history of the country somewhat changed. But the "Pike's Peak or Bust" crowd succeeded only in busting. Yet, practical mining men had often traversed this district, and passed on to what they thought were richer fields. For 30 years active prospecting has been going on, and the richest mines known to the world have just been discovered—and, fortunately, by very poor men, not one of whom perhaps ever dreamed of possessing as much as $10,000. In the latter 70's the keeper of a small grocery store at Leadville staked Adam Reche, a prospector, with a burro mule and $50. Reche and Tabor became millionaires. The district has averaged a production of $10,000,000 a year since. A character known to the Nevada miners as "Virginia" discovered silver at the place which bears his name—Virginia City. "Bob" Comstock traced the lode, which extended three miles. They were characters similar to poor "half crazy Bob" Womack, and both lived and died in poverty. From one group of mines, the Bonanzas, about $200,000,000 were taken. Truly, Dame Fortune is fickle.

J. M. SCANLAND.

He Understood Her.

Mrs. Gossippy—About such things as these, John, the less said the better.

Gossippy (with resignation)—Tell me the whole story then, dear.—Truth.

THE TOOTH OF TIME.

In a Country Like Ours It Works Great Changes.

Some Things It Destroys, Others It Shapes and Grinds Into Beautiful Forms—The Village of Hamburg and the Nation's Capital.

Special Washington Letter.

There is a popular quotation that "time makes all things even," but, as a matter of fact, in some directions at least, it may be said that time makes many things uneven. The streams, forests, plains, mountains and coasts of the new world have been changed by time and altered by man until they bear no semblance of their original condition in many places. Progress and improvement have turned things topsy turvy. One of the handsomest eminences in the world, overlooking a river of splendid proportions and remarkable meanderings through a country of boundless fertility and beauty, was formerly the home of the proud and peerless Analostan Indians, and from its heights the front ranks of the invading Susquehannas were driven in defeat when they undertook the conquest of the south. The hill remains where it was reared by omnipotence, but it is no longer the thing of grandeur and beauty which nature created. For many years the naval observatory was located there, and therefore it retains and will ever retain the name of Observatory hill, although the original owners called it Analostan castle in a guttural tongue which is now extinct.

Long before the most poetic dreamer of state craft or prognosticator of the future of the new world conceived the idea of an independent republic, and many years before George Washington had selected the site of the capital city of the new nation which grew from the point of his puissant sword, a little village of Indian traders was located on the river front below Analostan castle It was called Hamburg, and was at the headwaters of the "Powtowmack river." It was at this point that Gen. Braddock landed his troops, and upon this hill that he organized his forces for that disastrous march towards Fort DuQuesne, where Pittsburgh, Pa., is now located. Braddock and the majority of his men fell before the allied French and Indians; and Col. George Washington saved the little remnant of the misguided and unfortunate expedition. The so-called "western frontier" has gradually moved towards the setting sun since that day, until at last there is no western frontier; and the war department has recognized that fact by recently abolishing many of the forts and barracks in the western section of our country.

One of the earliest settlers upon the ground which is now the national capital was Fleet, an English fur trader, who grew very rich out of his traffic with the Analostans and other Indian tribes. He kept a journal, or diary, and it contains the first description of the virgin state of the wonderful and beautiful city of Washington. Fleet wrote: "Monday, June 25, 1731. This place, without all question, is the most pleasant and healthful place in all the country, and most convenient for habitation. The 27th of June I manned my shallop. We had not rowed above three miles, but we might hear the falls to roar about six miles distant. The Indians occupying this territory in the delta of the two rivers were called Nacostines or Anocostians. The river

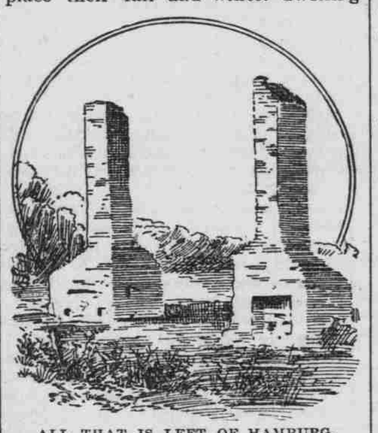
ON GOOSE CREEK.

aboundeth with all manner of fish. The Indians in one night commonly will catch 30 sturgeon in a place where the river is not above 12 fathoms broad And as for deer, buffaloes, bears, turkeys, the woods do swarm with them."

One mile from Analostan castle was a little stream which also abounded with fish. It was called Goose creek by the people who came here during the century following the advent of Fleet. And when the capital city was located here it was given the name of Tiber, in memory of the river of ancien Rome. Thomas Moore, in sarcasm wrote of it: "What was Goose creek once, is Tiber now." Gottlieb Grammer, an early settler, wrote that "the valley of Goose creek has for innumerable years been periodically visited by the Indians, who called it their fishing ground, and they assembled there in great numbers in the spring months to procure fish. A point, now called Greenleaf's Point, was the principal camp and the residence of their chiefs, where councils were held among the various tribes thus gathered there."

There is to-day nothing left of the ancient hamlet of Hamburg but two brick chimneys, standing near the river front, like sentinels of the past, helplessly watching the growth of a city and the destruction of the land marks which were once dear to the rich trader who dwelt in his palatial mansion, and exchanged cheap beads, gaudy ribbons and deadly whisky for the products of the chase which the simple people of the land brought to him. In those days the furs which were sent to Europe from America brought almost fabulous sums; and the wealthy ladies of the courts of the world wore beaver, coon, opossum and muskrat furs. They came high, but they had to have them, just as the modern daughters of Eve must have the fur of the seal, even though the extermination of that Arctic beauty must surely follow the extinction of the buffalo of the plains. The big brick chimneys are crumbling. The river front is not a fashionable section, and the wharves of commerce are nearly a mile lower down the river, near the arsenal. The land is, however, held at exorbitant figures.

Out in the middle of the Potomac river, during the past century, alluvial accretions formed an island, which was submerged at low tide. Grasses, weed and tiny trees grew upon it, and sportsmen found rich harvests of pleasure and profit in quest of the reed birds, ducks and geese which make the place their fall and winter dwelling



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF HAMBURG.

place. Ten years ago the engineers of the war department, making use of liberal congressional appropriations, began what was called the "reclamation of the Potomac flats." With scows and dredges they scooped the alluvial deposits and concentered them. They surrounded them with stone walls, and filled them with earth taken from various points in the city where building operations were going on. Today the old Potomac flats are almost forgotten and in their place is an artificial island about a mile in length, and nearly half a mile wide. It is covered with trees of many varieties, and skilled landscape gardeners are transforming it into a park and pleasure drive which bids fair to become justly celebrated for picturesqueness and beauty.

When the great civil engineer, Maj. L'Enfant, prepared the plan upon which the capital city was built, and out of which it has already grown far beyond the expectation or imagination of the designer, the village of Hamburg still existed. The people there complained bitterly that 20th street should run right through their hamlet, regardless of their property rights. They expected a London or a Paris to immediately grow upon them, and were indignant with the engineer who prepared the plans. They protested against their approval. But they have long since been gathered unto their fathers, and the village of Hamburg is almost a faded reminiscence. Their rights were never disturbed, and they lived to the ends of their days upon the lands which they had acquired by priority of settlement. Their heirs moved into the more popular portions of the new city, and their property is now, by purchase and sale, in the hands of men and women whose grandfathers were then unborn. They could not dip into the future and see all the wonders which should grow around their pristine habitation. They never saw the Potomac flats, nor heard the hills resound with the whistles of palatial steamers plying the placid stream on which their shallops floated. I have often imagined how the man whom Pocahontas saved would rub his eyes and pinch himself to realize that he was the same John Smith, if he could row his heavy boat up the Potomac from Norfolk to-day and gaze upon the transformation scene.

But Analostan castle is no longer known by that name, and Observatory hill is no longer the place where scientists study the heavens and wield the ponderous telescope. The entire plant of the naval observatory has been transferred to the heights back of old Georgetown, that former suburb of Washington, which is now a very important part of the city proper; that wonderful elevation which the original lord of the domain called the "Rock of Dumbarton;" for that splendid and vast elevated acreage was originally granted to a Scotchman named Ninian Beall, who came here from the vicinity of the medieval Dumbarton castle, which is celebrated in the interesting fiction of the "Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter. Everything has changed and is constantly changing, so that the student of current local history is involuntarily reminded of the saying of the Apostle Paul: "Old things have passed away. Behold! All things have become new." SMITH D. FRY.

Domestic Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon and half a dollar's worth of sugar. What do you want of all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

AN IDEAL DEVICE.

Prevents the necktie from slipping up the collar. Every man should have one.—Life.

How to Sell Shoes.

She had vainly striven to pry her number four foot into a number 2½ shoe, and the salesman saw that all efforts would be useless. Then he said:

"Madam, let me show you a shoe especially made for Cinderalla feet."

He produced a pair which fitted perfectly.

"I'll take them," she beamed.

They were four's, marked 2b.—Bay City Chat.

Professional Pride.

District Attorney (summing up)—Gentlemen of the jury, the audacity and skill displayed by the prisoner in committing this burglary exceeds anything in my previous experience.

Prisoner to Reporter—Now don't forget to get that into your paper.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Husband (reading Sunday newspaper)—Mary, here's something new in the household line. I have had your baker's and grocer's home-made bread, pies and chocolate; here is a whole column about home made desolate. (Thinks he is funny.)

Wife—You needn't read it. You can get the recipe at your favorite bucket shop.—Truth.

Suggestive.

"I am very much obliged to you, James, for this fine writing set, with heavy parchment paper," said the wealthy Mr. Oldbatch to his nephew, "but really do very little writing."

"True, uncle," replied the affectionate relative; "but I thought you might want to write your will."—Bay City Chat.

He Was Astonished.

"You know," said the lady who with sincere ardor desires only the best for the human race, "that a dog will not touch whisky?"

Col. Kyahter passed his hand over his brow in a troubled way, and said:

"Madam, do you mean to tell me that anybody was evah guilty of such outrageous extravagance as to offah whisky to a dog?"—Washington Star.

Precocious Children.

"Come, Mary, let us play 'father an mother.' I'll be the father, and you'll be the mother, with a child in your arms."

"All right, you begin."

"Oh, I wish that I had never married! What a fool I was!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Too Tame for Her.

Maud—I don't see how you can stand being engaged to a man who has to work nights!

Marie—He comes to see me afternoons.

Maud—Pshaw! How insipid! When he's gone, you must feel as though you had been to a matinee.—Puck.

No Sleight-of-Hand, Either.

Little Johnnie—Isn't this a funny horn, pa?

Brown—Yes, my boy; and if you don't stop making that large noise you will come out of the small end of it.—Judge.

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF IT.

"Oh, Edgar, instead of a street gown the dressmaker has made a traveling costume for me."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"The only way out of it that I can see is to spend the winter in Southern California."—Fliegende Blaetter.

In for a Trade.

"Can I sell you a vase to-day?" inquired a china merchant at the door of a house where a big row was in progress.

"No, you can't," snapped the woman of the house, "unless you want to trade for a family jar four times as big as your vase."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Her Class.

Mandy Ann—Say, 'Rastus, de Waydown furniture store is advuttisin' mahogany ladies' rockers fur $1.57. Yo' got to git me one.

'Rastus—Git you one nuffin'. You ain't no mahogany lady; you's ebony.—Indianapolis Journal.

Considerate.

Father—Why did you permit young Mashman to kiss you in the parlor last night?

Daughter—Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall.—Brooklyn Life.

The Point of View.

Mrs. Johnson—Your husband has great ability.

Mrs. Stimson (who has discovered her husband)—Yes, irritability.—Truth.

Which?

Which is the deadliest fool—
To put the matter to vote—
The theater fool who bellows "fire!"
Or the fool who rocks the boat?
—Chicago Tribune.

Sticking to Business.

Little Boy (at toy store window)—Mamma, won't you buy me a top?

Mamma (meditatively)—It is now too cold to spin tops.

"Well, then, buy me a double ripper sled and some new skates, and we'll let the top go."—N. Y. Weekly.

Woman in the Case.

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?

Witness—It had my sweetheart's picture in it.

Lawyer—Ah! I see, a woman in the case.—Scottish American.

A Useful Man.

"Brown is weak financially, isn't he?"

"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?"

"Other people's bill collectors."—Brooklyn Life.

Danger in the Pastime.

He skimmed the glassy surface of the lake
And there, in full, his signature he wrote;
Just then a better skater took the cake—
He scratched above a promissory note!
—Chicago Record.

A Distinction, at Least.

"He was under the influence when he did it."

"Of drink?"

"No; of his wife."—N. Y. World.